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"It is for want of thinking that we are undone."

The Passing of an Ideal

By Florence M. Alexander, '10

Anton Moya had an hour to wait for the Bar Harbor train. He walked leisurely along the harbor streets near the North station, taking in the vari-colored impression of barrels of silvery fish, Italian shopkeepers, naked masts of schooners, and a strong smell of green sea-water. Short and slender, with his neat, dark mustache, and tweed suit, he looked more the young broker than the artist. His popular creation, the "Moya girl," attended always by an insignificant-looking, but necessary, young man, in pictures variously entitled "At the Opera," "After the Ball," "Shopping," "Fading Lands," etc., had brought him money.

To kill time, he poked around some dingy shops, and found a mariner's compass that he thought might prove acceptable to his friend at Bar Harbor. Then he strolled along a wharf that jutted out beyond the others into the gray harbor. Beside it, in the brightness of fresh paint, lay a tall-masted schooner, whose trimness and whose name, the "Mary Dow," brought out in white against the black stern of her hull, pleased Moya greatly. He stood a minute watching the men swing heavy boxes into the open hatchways, and then strolled carelessly up the gangplank of the boat. About the deck was a litter of odds and ends of rope and empty boxes, while the half-raised sails betokened the boat's early departure. Opposite him, on a huge coil of rope, an old sailor was smoking and talking to a young fellow who stood beside him.

Moya's artist's quick perception took in the group, and he at once thought of the composition it and its surroundings would make,—his favorite type of girl in a cream-colored suit, sitting on the coil of rope, and listening to the sailor's yarn, her reddish hair and pearly, rose-tinted face against the green-blue of the sea, while in the background gray gulls could fly past the blue, white-clouded sky. He would make the tall, young sailor look at her wistfully over folded arms. For the sake of appearances, he would leave out the ugly scar that was carved across the old man's chin, but he would let the young fellow remain as he was. He envied him his huge thickness and broadness of shoulder.

The captain saw him, stopped short his story, and fixed his scheming eyes on him. "Looking for a bunk?"

Moya laughed. "Well, hardly, I'm headed for Bar Harbor."

“A merry heart goes all the day. A sad tires in a mile.”

“We’ve got to take a load up to Portland, and if you want to, we can land you there. Might as well if you pay your freight.”

Moya laughed again, and on the impulse of the moment decided to go. A day at sea was worth five hours in a stuffy train, and as yet he had not bought his railway ticket. “Why, yes, I should like it immensely.”

An hour later, after they had slid out of the harbor, he followed the captain and the young sailor down into the fore-castle, whence for several minutes the smell of coffee and of broiling beefsteak had been creeping up through the hatchway. A few of the crew were smoking, and the cook, with the dexterity of one long accustomed to the business, was doling out coffee and dividing beefsteaks with the precision of an artist. The men looked curiously at Moya. “What’s your trade?” asked the captain, as he sat down heavily on a keg.

Moya smiled. “Why, I’m an artist.”

From the darkness near the bunks a few of the men looked at him queerly. “Got any of your work here?” asked the captain.

Moya reached for the small, black portfolio that he always carried, and that contained some sketches. He untied it, and on top was an auburn-haired girl’s face, slender, pale, and delicate. The captain looked at the picture, and the artist could see a glint of humor in his eye. “Looks rather sickly, doesn’t she?” Moya flushed angrily, and took back the portfolio as it was silently handed to him. It had suddenly struck him that her pale, impractical daintiness was very much out of place among the surroundings,—that the dainty lady herself would be very incongruous in that dark cabin, in clouds of bad tobacco and beefsteak smoke. He was rather ashamed that he had shown a sample of his life’s work.

The young sailor, with some natural, unconscious tact, remarked that they might have a rough passage.

Feeling a little angry, Moya lit a cigar and went up on deck. The day was beginning dully, and smoky streaks of fog hung near the horizon. Leaving the wharves and city hazy and purple in the distance, they cut through the entrance and headed up the coast that the day long stretched before them foggy and vague.

About 4 o’clock, when they were forty miles from Portland, they struck a storm. To Moya, who had been but little at sea, it was a new

“The greatest of fools is he who imposes on himself.”

experience. For two hours the inshore wind had been steadily strengthening, and the long swells were furrowed with rushing, white-topped waves. With an artist's appreciation for the beautiful and unusual, he noted the heaviness of the sky, the peculiar whiteness around the clouded sun, the slow, rounded heave of the swell as it rose above the horizon, and the superb grayish-green of the sea. He felt the sharp mist of spray bite his face as the boat ploughed headlong into the water. The waves grew larger, and the ship, her bow swishing and spluttering, began to drift sideways in the trough of the sea. Suddenly a squall struck the boat and heeled her over. He heard the captain clatter up the companionway, and his loud voice came to him, half carried away by puffs of wind, as he shouted hurried orders to the crew.

It was not a bad storm, but Moya did not know it. The curled, white-fringed waves came on incessantly, burying them one moment, lifting them high the next, and slapping them down hard on the water. He felt a peculiar exhilaration. They were trying just then to reef the boat. The captain flung a rope at him and shouted to him to hold it, and bracing himself on the deck, Moya pulled heavily on the snapping rope. The raindrops bit into his face, but the man in him was aroused, and he gloried in it. He was soaked to the bone, and the cool wetness gave him new vigor. He watched the crew, their yellow oilskins shining and dripping water. What a sea, what men, what a life! What paltry, puny things he and the girl he painted were! Suddenly he despised her very slenderness that he had exaggerated to the point of unrealness, her ultra-fashionable air, her fine nose, thin lips, and expressionless face,—expressionless because, as he now knew, he had never felt when he had drawn her. A fierce exultation seized him. He would, and he knew he could, paint the sea. What a life to paint, what a real life to live! There would be struggles at first, but somehow he felt that he would get through them. The remainder of the storm he stayed on deck and tried to help the crew as best he could. After an hour it grew calmer, the rain slackened, and the sky grew whiter. A dripping sailor came up and looked at Moya. “What's the matter with you? You're as white as a fish. Guess you'd better go down below.” Moya suddenly realized that he had never been so emotionally aroused in his life. He went unsteadily down the hatchway, and without waiting for supper, slept the night through.

“Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue in order that they should see twice as much as they say.”

When he awoke the next morning he went up on deck. From below came a medley of hoarse voices, rough laughing, and the clatter of dishes, while the strong smell of coffee added a zest to the clean air. They were anchored in the middle of the harbor. The water was calm, and the tiny waves slapped gently against the boat's waterline. Before him, across the glittering water, the low islands, as if newly washed and painted, lay clear in the sunshine. The city was waking and was beginning its daily noise. The factories near the water-front were humming low and steadily; a long freight train, shrieking sharply, lumbered slowly along the shoreline, and several small steamers, scarcely cutting the water and noiseless save for an occasional whistle or escape of steam, slid out of the gray wharves and glided across the harbor before him.

Moya leaned over the railing and looked about him. He was smoking, and had brought his black portfolio up with him. Suddenly he took his elbow from the rail, stood off a little distance, undid the portfolio, and looked at the girl's face on top. Her hair was very fashionably coiffured, she had a polite, feignedly-interested smile, and she would probably be very agreeable in real life. Moya took his cigar from his lips, and studied the face coolly and calculatingly. Then he pushed his cigar back into his mouth, searched his tweed pockets for a piece of string, found it, and tied it with a sinker around the batch of drawings. He looked again at the girl's head. “Wasted paint,—and five years. Good Lord!” and coolly threw the flat package overboard. He leaned over the railing to watch it fall. It turned a couple of somersaults and struck the water with a sharp slap, with the red-haired girl's face uppermost. She floated for a moment. Then the deepening water turned her hair green, blued her expressionless face, and she sank silently from sight,—buried at sea.

Faculty Reception

The Faculty reception is to be given May 7. It is a school affair, being a reception of the students given annually to our instructors. They are always very kind in trying to meet the students socially, and the least that we can do is to attend and meet our instructors at this social event. The Senior class, assisted by members of other classes, are going to give an interesting programme, which will be thoroughly enjoyable to all.

"To keep up a nice balance of work and wear, and to come out a little ahead each day, is good religion."

Why Are We Such Poor Conversationalists and Listeners?

In the olden times the art of conversation reached a much higher standard than that of to-day. This is due to the complete revolution in the conditions of modern civilization. Then people had no other way of communicating their thoughts than by speech. Knowledge of all kinds was given us almost wholly through the spoken word. There were no great daily newspapers, no magazines or periodicals of any kind. The great discoveries of vast wealth in minerals the new world opened up by inventions and discoveries, and the great impetus to ambition have changed all this. In this lightning-express, hurry-scurry age, when everybody has the mania to attain wealth and position quickly, we no longer have time to develop our powers of conversation. In these times of numerous newspapers and periodicals, when everybody can get for one or a few cents the news and information which it has cost thousands of dollars to collect, and everybody sits behind the morning sheet, or is buried in a book or magazine, there is no longer the same need of communicating thought by spoken word.

Oratory is becoming a lost art for the same reason. Printing costs so little that even the poorest homes can get more reading matter for two dollars than kings and noblemen paid for it in the Middle Ages.

It is a rare thing to find a polished conversationalist to-day. So rare is it to hear one speaking exquisite English and using a superb diction that it is indeed a luxury.

Some say we are poor listeners, as well. We are too impatient to listen well. Instead of being attentive and eager to drink in the story or the information, we do not seem to have enough interest in the talker to keep quiet. We look about with a wandering look, snap our watch chain, play a tattoo with our finger on chair or table, hitch about as if we were anxious to get away, and interrupt the speaker before he reaches his conclusion. Our life is feverish and unnatural. We have no time to develop charm of manner or elegance of diction. "We are too intense for repartee. We lack time."

Nervous impatience is a characteristic that we must overcome. Everything bores us that does not bring something in return.

Before these days of hurry and drive it was considered a luxury to be a listener in a group surrounding an intelligent talker. It was better than most modern lectures, than anything one could find in a book, for

“When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing he has one good reason for letting it alone.”

there was a touch of personality, a charm of style which held, a personality which fascinated. But to-day is touch and go. We have no time for the graces and the charms. Everything must give way to the material.

Some say that the cause of our conversational decline is a lack of sympathy. Are we too busily engaged in our own welfare, too intent upon ourself to be interested in others? You must be sympathetic to be a good conversationalist. You must be able to enter into the other life, to live it with the other person, to be a good listener or a good talker.

To be a good conversationalist you must be quick, buoyant, natural, sympathetic, and must have a spirit of good will. You must feel a spirit of helpfulness, and must enter heart and soul into things that interest others. You must get the attention of people, and hold it by interesting them by a warm sympathy—a real, friendly sympathy. If you are cold, distant, and unsympathetic, you cannot get their attention.

To be a good conversationalist, you must be broad, tolerant. A narrow, stingy soul never talks well. A person who is always violating your sense of taste and of fairness never interests you.

You must bring your listeners close to you, must open your heart wide, and exhibit a broad, free nature and an open mind. You must be responsive, so that a listener will throw open every avenue of his nature and give you free access to his feelings. H. W. Jacobs, '09.

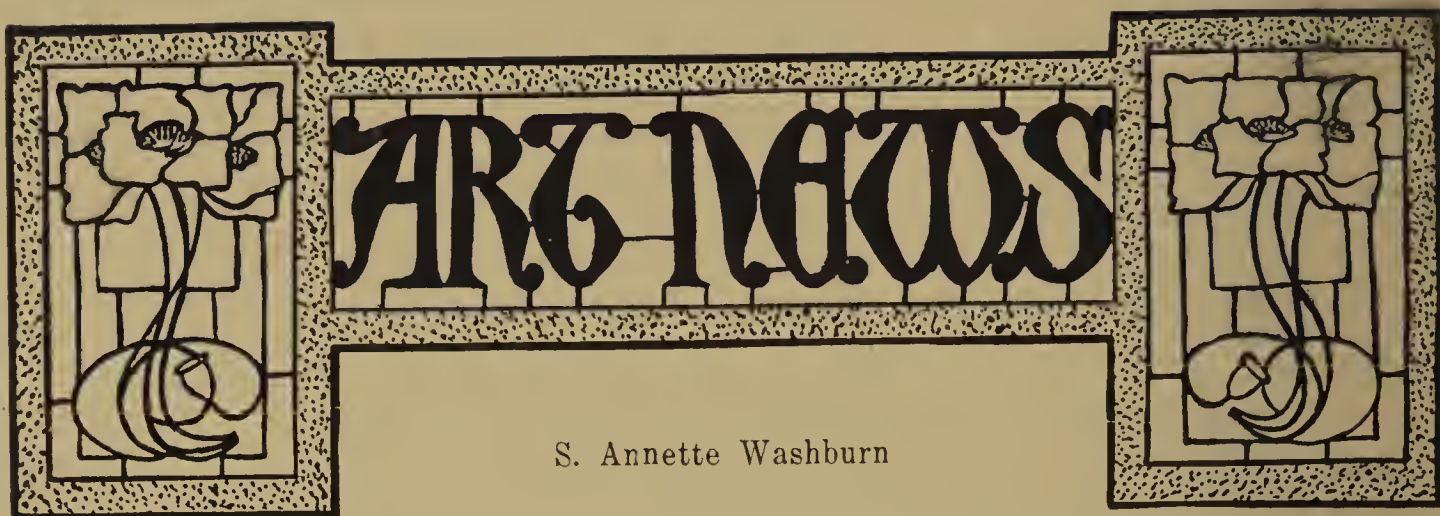
L'Envoi

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!

S. Annette Washburn.



There are two very good and instructive articles in the Studio for April. The first tells one all about George De Forrest Brush in relation to his painting. It is written by Miss Minna C. Smith. The other, which is by Arsine Alexandre, is about Claude Monet and his pictures. Both are well illustrated with reproductions from the works of each artist, done in color and half-tone. There is also much to interest the "design students," something which appeals to the craftsman.

In the Craftsman for March appears the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Batchelder on "Design in Theory and Practice."

There is a possibility, the barest chance, in fact, that there may be one student in the school who has not read the article on "The Art of Millet," by Kenyon Cox. This is solely for that poor, isolated unfortunate and for him alone. Let no one else finish this paragraph. Just let your eyes travel rapidly down to the next indentation. It is to be hoped that that student will immediately go over to the library and call for the March number of Scribner's Magazine. It is one of the best articles of the year in many respects, one of which is the good, forceful, correct English which Mr. Cox has employed to convey his valuable thought.

A foretaste of the London Congress may be had in New York on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 14, 15, and 16, at the annual meeting of the Eastern Art Teachers' Association, to be held at the Museum of Natural History. Among the speakers will be Dr. Denman W. Ross, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Miss Susan Blow, Dr. Haney, Dr. MacVannel, Walter S. Perry, Miss Warner, Miss Skinner, Miss Alicia Keyes, and Miss Cornelia Moses, of Syracuse. The Public School Exhibit for the London Congress will be shown in New York in connection with this meeting.

The April Harper's has an article on "The Art of Thomas Dewing," by Charles H. Caffin. It is illustrated by reproductions in tint of the paintings of Mr. Dewing.

“Optimism leads to power.”

Philip Hale's "Hints for Picture Hangers," from the Boston Herald, may prove interesting:—

"Pictures should never be hung upside down, except sunsets; when these are mirrored in still waters the effect is sometimes excellent. Still more important is it not to hang the pictures sideways. I know of two or three pictures having been hung in this way, but I don't think the artists particularly liked it, and one doubts whether sufficient pleasure was given to the owners to make up for the eccentricity of arrangement. Servants, before being allowed to dust a room, should be carefully told which part of each picture is its top. Indeed, it is sometimes well to mark the place with a small cross.

"Always wear white gloves in handling pictures; while the Bertillon system of identification is very interesting, we have no occasion to learn from thumbmarks what criminals hung the painting. Besides, most painters are sceptics and don't believe in palmistry.

"By the way, it is said that more men meet their death while hanging pictures than in playing football. Whether death occurs from the unfortunate hanger falling off his perch, or whether, after viewing the result of his labors, he drops dead, is not stated. It may be that they are killed later by infuriated artists.

"Seriously, one very important thing about hanging pictures is to note from which side the light falls on a picture. For instance, if a head is painted with the light coming over the right shoulder, the picture should be hung in the same sense, with the light coming over the right shoulder. It is unbelievable how different the picture looks from its aspect when it is hung in the other sense, with the light coming over the left shoulder. Especially is this so when the picture is painted quite *impasto*—then the gobs of paint which were put on with a certain regard for the shadows they cast, cast their shadows in the wrong direction, and make the modeling very different.

"Perhaps to gain the best effect a picture should not be placed just sideways to the light, but rather turned a little toward it. Naturally, with a top light, especially evening light, or a bunch light, pictures should not be hung too far back where no direct light will reach them, nor yet too directly under the light. The angle of the top light should be observed, and also the angle of incidence, and the picture hung with proper regard to these.

"Last, but not least. Picture hangers, though in many cases the most amiable of men, appear at stated times to have met in solemn conclave and taken the oath never to tip pictures far enough forward."

ALUMNI NOTES



Jean Kimber, Pittsburg Academy

“The earth was beautiful as if new-born;
There was that nameless splendor everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air
Which makes the passers in the street
Congratulate each other as they meet.”

Longfellow was writing about “a bright September morn,” but the same exhilaration comes with the days of early spring. If only they could last! But, like the sunset light and the sweet boys’ voices, these days are fleeting. Let us enjoy them, take every opportunity to be out of doors, and bring the spirit of growth into our work indoors.

And let us look forward to the long days of rest and recreation soon to come. All of us Normal Art folk should have the London Congress in mind. If you can’t go in body, go in spirit by finding out all you can about it. Write Cheshire L. Boone, Montclair, N. J., for information.

The subjects to be discussed at the Congress are announced in a recent circular. They are:—

- (1) Drawing, in conjunction with modeling and manual work.
- (2) The teaching of drawing in the professions, its definite inclusion in the university curriculum.
- (3) The teaching of Art teachers.
- (4) The organization of professional Art teaching.
- (5) Schemes of apprenticeship and scholarship.
- (6) Unification of signs and symbols in mechanical drawing.
- (7) Methods of disseminating ideas in Art and of developing public taste.
- (8) International codification of terms used in the teaching of drawing.
- (9) Experiments made toward establishing methods of teaching young children adapted to their nature and capacity.

“Men do not attain perfection by striving to do something out of the common. Perfection is acquired by doing common things uncommonly well.”

The twentieth annual reunion and dinner of the Alumni is announced for Friday evening, April 24, at the Twentieth Century Club. All students who are eligible to membership in the association should join it. The meetings give an opportunity to meet former students of the school and foster that loyalty which we call “school spirit.”

A brief sketch of the history and aims of the association appeared in the CENTRE OF VISION for June, 1907. We quote: “All former (or present) pupils of the M. N. A. S. who have completed the course as laid out for Class A, and all past and present teachers of the school may become members of the association by signing the constitution (or giving the secretary authority to do so for them), and paying an admission fee of one dollar. The annual dues shall be one dollar.”. The secretary is Miss Ellen F. O'Connor ('96), 4 Lambert place, Roxbury.

An opportunity for teachers to inspect the schools and colleges of Great Britain and Ireland is offered. Arrangements for the trip have been undertaken by the American Civic Federation, in co-operation with the International Mercantile Marine Company and Alfred Mosely, Esq., of London. The selection of teachers will be confined to those engaged in elementary and secondary schools, in industrial and technical schools of elementary and secondary school grade, and in institutions for the training of teachers.

Full information may be had by writing Roland P. Falkner, 281 Fourth avenue, New York City.

The April number of the Manual Training Magazine contains an article on “The Wash Method of Handling Water Color,” by Frank Forrest Frederick ('90). Mr. Frederick, who is director of the School of Industrial Art at Trenton, N. J., has presented his subject in a clear, teacher-like way. He takes up in turn the drawing, the washes, and the accents, and has illustrations which explain the various steps. By all means read this article.

To encourage the practice of wash drawing in high schools, the editor of the above magazine offers five prizes to the high school students sending him the five best enlargements of a photograph reproduced in the magazine. The method used must be that described by Mr. Frederick.

The meetings of the Eastern Art Teachers' Association in New York City will be held, not in April, as we announced last month, but on May 14, 15, and 16.



EDITORIALS

Spring has sprung; we feel it in the air, likewise hear it. Now that it has returned, the feeling of a new and joyful future springs once more within us. We hear the birds, the grass has taken on its coat of rich green, the trees are springing from their long winter rests, and over us all comes that new awakening feeling. Let us throw aside our cares and worries, and look upon these sights and sounds that remind us of the approaching good old summer time.

A colony of congenial professional and business men, teachers, and Art students are establishing headquarters at Boothbay Harbor, under the name of the Commonwealth School of Art and Industry. It is considered a great luxury by people from cities to take their vacation in this beautiful town on the coast of Maine. Here they can live the simple life, dress as they please, lie on the grass under the spruces, listen to the song of the birds, read, gather wild flowers, or paint, as they please, and then enjoy the company of artists and good companions around the camp fire or open grate at night.

Among the instructors are noted the names of A. G. Randall, director of Manual Arts, Providence, R. I.; Valentin Henneman, of Belgium; Arthur Ray, of Technical High School, Providence, R. I.; Sarah R. Bryant, of Manhattan Trade School; and Walter Sargent, director of drawing and manual arts of Boston. Under this corps of instructors the students will work during the summer months.

Knowing several of the pupils spend the summer months in this manner, the editor invites students, for further information, to communicate with A. G. Randall, 127 Daboll street, Providence, R. I.

The Athletic Association has been successful. The baseball team has started, and a profitable season is looked forward to; but let us remember again that a hearty co-operation of the student body is needed for a successful season.

All copy for the May number must be in by May 12. In order to get the June number out at an early date, all contributions must be handed in by the first of June. We are planning to make that issue one of quality and quantity.



E. B. Ayer

The manner in which the exchange column of the Clarion is written in the March number is decidedly original and unique. It is a good idea well carried out. In the other departments there is a marked improvement over the first copy of this year, which shows conscientious work on the part of its staff. The cover design, however, could be greatly improved.

The Drury Academe contains an article, entitled "The Dog in Legend and Story," which brings to mind many of the dogs made real through fiction, and is extremely interesting to the lovers of these faithful animals.

In the exchange department of the Andrew Journal there is a short plea that we grasp our opportunities as they pass, which is worthy of thought.

The last issue of the Cardinal has a clever list of "Don'ts." From among them we quote the following as two of the best:—

"Don't go through life at a breakneck pace. Take time to breathe and think."

"Don't consider yourself the axle of the world; you are only a spoke in the wheel."

To this we would add that while some of us are only spokes, others are merely cogs.

The Calandar has an unusually good collection of jokes that are quite entertaining.

"A Story of the Sea," in the Legenda, is well told. The characters are strongly drawn, and although there are spots where the tale weakens, as a whole it deserves merit.

The Penn Charter Magazine has an excellent exchange column. The criticisms are always well handled and to the point.

"We do not now call our great men gods, nor admire *without* limit; ah, no, *with* limit enough! But if we have no great men, or do not admire at all,—that were a still worse case."

"No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men."—Carlyle, "Heroes and Hero Worship."

Baseball

For the first time in the history of this school, a system of athletics has been inaugurated, and it now remains to be seen whether or not the school spirit will rise to the occasion and carry it through successfully.

The baseball team, the first to be organized under the system, is now being rounded into shape, under the leadership of Aldro T. Hibbard, and with the individual knowledge displayed in practice, should compare favorably with the best high school teams around Boston. Besides the following schedule, games are now pending with Boston University, Tech, 1909, and Tech 'Varsity. The schedule:—

April 20—Melrose High School at Melrose.

April 25—Boston College High School at Massachusetts avenue.

April 27—Swampscott High School at Swampscott.

April 29—Malden High School at Malden.

May 9—Danvers High School at Danvers.

May 13—Tech, 1911, at Tech Field, Brookline.

May 20—Norwood High School at Norwood.

May 30—Beverly High School at Beverly.

June 10—Dorchester High School at Dorchester.

June 13—Middleboro High School at Middleboro.

June 17—Medford High School at Medford.

Chester B. Park, Manager.

The season opened April 20 with a game at Melrose, which resulted in a victory for the Melrose team by a score of 13-2. The game was played in the rain, making the ground soft and wet, which accounted for the team's poor showing. The batteries were McMullin and Jones for Melrose, Buttiner, Tuttle, and Hazelton for Normal Art.

Class Notes

Gertrude Nason

'08

Charles R. Mabie

All students in the school wishing to take advantage of the rates offered by Odin Fritz, the photographer, to the graduating class may do so. The rates are very reasonable, being less than one-half his regular price. He guarantees his best work to the school. For rates and cards, apply to any member of the photograph committee, Charles Perry, Annette Washburn, Amy Butterfield.

Heard before perspective lecture:—

"Will you lend me your knife?"

"What for? To murder perspective with?"

"No, to cut the lecture."

“The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in ourselves, that we are underlings.”

Lost—A joke on Mary Brooks. Even Josephine Barnes saw the point.

The Portrait Class was talking over the Chelsea fire with a great deal of spirit and sympathy. Some one remarked that a great many people lost their heads at times of great excitement. “Yes,” said one student, “my brother saw a man rushing frantically around looking for something evidently of value. Upon asking him what the matter was, he learned that the poor man was looking for his kitchen range, which was a new one.” Suddenly a shrill voice piped up from the centre of the studio: “He was deranged, wasn’t he?”

How strange and mysterious are the workings of Providence! For Andreas Rande is the first to arrive at a “\$2,000 job.”

’09

Constance Bevan

Daniel R. Stewart

After the anatomy exam.:—

“No, I shan’t tell what I got, I am too ashamed.”

“Huh! Why don’t you ask me? I got ninety per cent. for the very first time in my life.”

Bend “out” is a maid so fair,
Surely she should have no care;
Now that her exams are o’er,
We’ll miss her face at school no more.

Only a few weeks to the examination in composition.

Mr. Major (reading a story aloud): “This too strong, Miss Chase? I’ll stop.” He read the story for M——e’s benefit, to teach her something about men. How considerate!

Did you ever see an asphodel? I’m sure you have the right shaped head.

What do you wear to church Easter Sunday, Walley?

Ask Miss Gale if that is fore-shortened enough, girls.

Well, I’m going to ask Miss Hoyt why she didn’t put him in with Mr. Tarbell. Yes, he will lose sleep over that.

Don’t be surprised if all Mr. Major’s girls appear some day with their hair cut in bangs.

Miss Leveau sails from New York May 28 to spend the summer abroad.

“Do not allow Idleness to deceive you, for while you give him to-day, he steals to-morrow from you.”

The spring vacation was spent in Washington by Misses Nute and Holden, of the Design Class.

Our class has been rather lacking in “spreads” this year. What’s the trouble, no interest, too busy, or nobody to start them? Warm weather spreads are just as good as cold weather ones. They taste the same in all seasons.

Sorry we saw nobody’s work at the Art Club in the students’ exhibition coming from our class.

The second fee of class dues is due May 1. Come prepared.

Alice H. Stephens

’10

Edgar Breed

Any one wishing to have their future occupation prophesied for them, come up and see Miss K——l.

It seems terrible to jest about the Chelsea fire, but this was really funny. “Beth” told us that there was only one in her family that was injured in the flames, and that was her great-grandfather (picture), that hung in the library!

A very neat school flag has been designed by Mr. Howard, of our class, which he has had on exhibition at school during the past week. Many students have purchased these at a small cost. Any one wishing to obtain such may do so by applying to Mr. Howard.

Miss Merriam has informed us that she is dissatisfied with the candidates for the Presidency of both parties. But going farther than this, she says that if we are fortunate enough to have “woman’s rights” in this country, she will be a candidate. Grafters, beware!

Mr. Munsell’s students intend to make a raid on Lexington and Concord in the near future. If this raid had not been postponed until the present time, think what consternation it would have spread among the British! There would certainly have been no need of the minute men.

Mr. How—d: “I believe you are getting stouter every day, Miss Ram—en.”

Miss Ram—en: “You horrid thing!”

Stuart, the office boy, has a new inspiration in Miss Fl—y. One week he has it and one week he has it not. Question: Which week is he the happier? A look at Mr. Stuart’s face on his week off will convince the most skeptical.

“It is working within limits that the artist reveals himself.”

“In one big room so big and square,
Four little boys do paint with care;
A female enters now and then,
But is soon rushed out by these horrid men.”
Be sure to get your order in early for a June number.

’11

John Davis

Bernice Staples

Ask Mr. Brown how he likes Sundae de Marron.

Mr. B——y, of Mr. Cross’s studio, is trying to be a little hero.

V—— (showing his new Easter footwear): “Ain’t dem de cream?”
And what could the poor girl say?

Poor Miss S—l—m—n! All her ginger-jars are sunk in puddles,
and Miss Bailey can’t fish them out.

Miss M——: “I don’t like that book, ‘The Light That Failed.’ It
doesn’t end well.”

Val——: “Why doesn’t it end well?”

Miss M——: “The hero gets kilied.”

I was in a Freshman studio,
And as my charcoal worked,
I listened to the chatterers
Who in the corners lurked.

I thought I knew my language,
But strange, strange sounds I heard,
For some queer slang did practice,
While others clipped their words.

“Gee! that’s a nifty drawin’
Is’t a stiffakit?”

“Naw, he’s awful fussy.”

“I ain’t got any yet.”

“I done this in an hour,”

“It sure now is tray beans,”
And much more you may hear there,
And wonder what it means.

And this is Freshman English!

Not common to them all,
But the number is too large.

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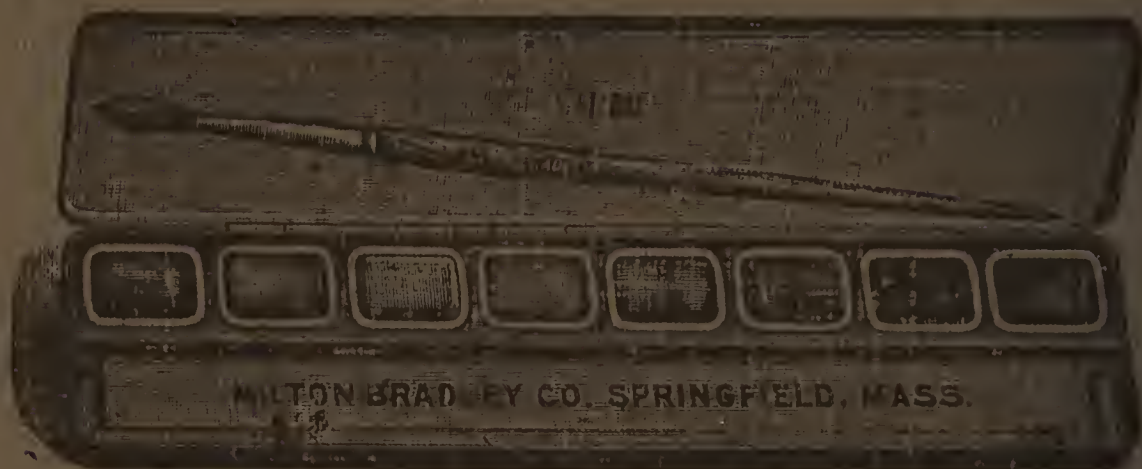
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